

## WHOOZUS-WHOOZUS

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## Biographies of Infamous Persons

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## By Skillet Finn

"SNAPPER" GARRISON, who inaugurated this delirium of dummy-biographies, won a pack of fame that we couldn't crowd into one chapter, so he eases in for an encore which will give his unabridged history from cradle to gallows.

"Snapper" was another of those anthracite-boiled tax evaders who should have paid them in Tombstone, but dodged the issue every year because tax season always found him hiding from the sheriff as well as the assessor.



He craved being the first prisoner.

He won a unique competition in his old home town which got his life-size oil hung in the corridors of every rogues' gallery from coast to coast. Finger prints meant nothing to him, because his fingers had all been shot off before he was eleven years old.

It was the time of the dedication of the new red brick jail down in Tombstone. The whole countryside had assembled in the little grove

of cactus which surrounded the institution. The auctioneer who rendered the inaugural speech the day the iron doors creaked open for the first time had "Snapper" in mind when he said the place had been built to accommodate the most desperate criminals this side of Bluebeard.

That was "Snapper" all over. He broke all the laws, and when there were no more to bust he made some new ones to fracture. He left no stone unturned to break out of the best penitentiaries on tap.

Tombstone's new edifice was a whiz. Boasting of all modern inconveniences from hot-water heat to waterbugs, the community had spared naught to make it a place of envy for all transient miscreants who strolled through the tumultuous section in which it festered.

The atmosphere in its single cell was sterilized through one-inch bars rolled out of pig iron from the finest herd of swine in the Berkshire mountains.

Two kinds of running water coursed through its 1921 model exposed plumbing. Cold and colder. Platinum rain spouts harnessed whatever showers fell around this hallowed hosegow and a sound-proof telephone booth allowed the sole survivor in the bastille to chat daily with accomplices on the outside who stood ready to effect his escape at a couple of years' notice.

That ain't all. The windows were equipped with mosquito netting, which kept the insects on the outside and the convicts on the in. The rougher element sometimes passed by on a Saturday night spree and shot the cotton screening full of 48-calibre apertures, but no self-respecting inmate would take advantage of a prank like that to perfect a model jail delivery.

On the day the jail was christened the orator of the day went into unnecessary agony to review the criminal history of the locality at great length. He spoke of the number of escapes which had been achieved through the inadequate confining facilities. He mumbled

about the dire necessity for installing the town's desperados in surroundings befitting the nature of their offenses.

"How can a jail expect to do a good business when it can't offer a prospective customer the ordinary refinements and conveniences which would be open to them should they go to another town to commit their misdemeanors?"

"With this up-to-date structure, there is nothing, nothing, that a man wouldn't do to get at least one night's lodging within its hospitable walls."

"Look at Sing Sing! Think of Leavenworth! Consider Atlanta and all of the other cosmopolitan jugs! Why, sometimes a man walks into those cabarets and spends the rest of his life, so home-like are the surroundings."

"In course of time we hope to inflict a pipe organ and a swimming pool in our humble little home for malcontents, but as a beginner we are justly proud of this magnificent one-room bungalow with its healthful Southern exposure."

"As conditions justify, the architect has molded this veritable cornerstone of what is yet to come, so as a roof garden, bowling alleys, buffet, dispensary, golf links and tennis court may be added."

"In conclusion, let it be said that the bird who is fortunate enough to be the first patient in this municipal safe will go down in history as one of the foremost citizens of Tombstone and one who has done much to vindicate the judgment of the city fathers, who foresaw the necessity for this monument to civilization and culture which we come here today to dedicate."

"I now take keen delight in turning this palace of penal servitude over to the tender keeping of the duly authorized maniacs who will see to it that its precepts are forever kept within the dignity and demeanor befitting its noble purpose."

Here is where "Snapper" gets back into the close-up. He craved the

extreme unction of being the first victim to be thrown into Tombstone's latest homestead, where the grass was ever green and the latching on the outside.

Above the entrance to the jail, emblazoned in upraised gilded letters, was the quotation, "Let Justice Be Done, Though the Heavens Fall."

He won in a crawl. All of the other town rowdies started shooting their guns and committing nuisances of whatever degree as soon as the words of warning were out of the speaker's mouth. But "Snapper"



He punctured a new slogan.

pulled one that is worth setting down in the old family album.

He whipped out a brace of automatics and punctured a new slogan below the official welcome above the orthodox port-cochere.

"If Justice Were Done, the Heavens Would Fall."

That night a posse of jealous yeggs lifted the jail up on a set of automobile jacks and playfully tied a rope around "Snapper's" tonsils.

## MR. AMESBY ON KLU KLUKKERS

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## By ED STREETER

DEAR SON:-

"What's this Klu Klux Klan folks is talkin' about?" asked Mr. Frisbee, tilting his chair against the wall.

"Ssh. Not so loud," warned Mr. Amesby. "Tis a secret organization. Nothin' knowed about it 'ceptin' what comes out in th' newspapers every day."

"What's th' sense in callin' it secret then?"

"Cause that's the only way they could get publicity. Folks don't take no interest in what they're s'posed t' know about but just paint a sign on th' door 'Dangerous. Keep out,' an' they'll hammer it down t' see what's inside. This here is a society for th' prevention of anythin' y' don't happen t' like. 'Twould be a grand thing fer you, Frisbee. I never knew you t' like anythin', unless p'haps it was a calamity o' some kind. I wouldn't be s'prised if they made you the Imperial Wizard. That's th' head Klukker o' the outfit. He does card tricks at the annual meetin', an' they say he can turn a white man black by just makin' a few passes with his magic brush."

"You ought t' join up with it. 'Twould do me a sight o' good t' see yu ridin' an old grey hoss down Main street in yer night shirt with a pillow case pulled over your head."

"What's the ideal in doin' that?"

"It's the uniform. 'Tis th' way you dress up when yer dealin' th' hand o' justice. A good Klukker uses every part o' th' bed 'ceptin' th' legs' an' if you get fresh he ain't averse to employin' them. Let me tell you that whoever thought up that uniform was a genius, Frisbee. He knew that the only chance a man has o' commandin' respect an' obedience in his own home town is t' cover hisself up so's nobody'll know it's him. What do y' s'pose you'd do if I was t' walk into yer house in my store clothes an' ask y' t' step outside a minute while th' boys laid a macadem road down th' small o' yer back?"

"I might kick y' down th' front steps," suggested Mr. Frisbee.

"You'd try to anyways. As long as I'm disguised as myself yer as good a man as I be—I'm speakin' generally now, o' course. But let me rig myself up like a Hallowe'en party an' I got yer undivided atten-

tion. I know y' don't believe in haunts, but a man with a wife an' family can't take no chances."

"It ain't a new ideal. There's folks livin' in th' jungle with less brains than you got what's been usin' it fer years. When they go t' war instead o' spendin' their money on a lot of expensive trappin', they buy a couple o' cans o' paint an' hire the local artist t' do a few landscapes on their epidermis. 'Just two or three more circles 'round the eyes, Mombosi, my boy, an' I think I'll have th' nose done white. It's a fine sight you've made o' me, but between me an' you I wish they'd get together an' have a disarmament conference so's I could take a bath. Fer remember, if yer ever killin' a man, Frisbee, it's been



He set up a terrible roar.

generally found that if y' scare death him t' fust th' job's half done." "An' th' same was true o' these here knights what used t' can their-selves and go gallyvantin' round th' country on brewery hoeses. They was terrible warlike chaps from the outside, but from the inside most o' 'em was just little fellers like you with red eyes an' thin hair. They had their blacksmith cut their clothes big the same as th' hoods o' some o' these automobiles where y' can't find the engine when y' look under 'em. Some o' th' smaller fellers had t' have peek holes built in

th' chest, an' used to stuff newspapers into th' head piece t' keep out th' draft."

"When one o' these knights met somebody on th' road what had come out without his shell he set up a terrible roar. Every nut an' bolt in his overcoat rattled with rage. If th' traveler wanted t' keep on travelin', he usually give th' fightin' gent his small change in token of his admiration an' went on his way. But if two knights met up together, they both climbed up in their saddles where they could look out their head pieces an' satisfied theirselves with makin' faces at each other."

"Then again, durin' th' Spanish Inquisitiveness, when th' king give



It was originally a kind of uplift.

orders that at midnight th' next night everybody was t' set their religion by his, do y' s'posed they enforced th' law by leavin' tracts on folks front stoops? Certainly not. They dragged 'em down into th' cellar o' the church an' sat around 'em in a circle with bags over th' heads utterin' deep groans. Somehow or other a religious argymint gains a terrible lot o' strength if y' strain it through a bag."

"No, Frisbee, I ain't much of a one fer dress, but there is certain

kinds of it that'll come in very handy if yer goin' in fer reform. Was th' butcher bill too high last month? Stop in on yer way home from work an' try t' teach him th' evil of his ways a' say nothin' of his meats. Only y' better stand near th' door while yer doin' it. If you'd join th' Klan it'd be a lot simpler. Yer hospital bills would be cut down to almost nothin'. All y' need is some bed clothes an' a horn. I've studied th' thing pretty careful in th' movin' pictures an' I don't think it'd amount t' much without a horn."

"Toot, toot. Th' mysterious riders is assemblin'. Toot toot. Their white figgers is sweepin' through th' deserted streets. Whoa, whoa. The Imperial Wizard has fell off. Well may y' pull th' blankets over yer head an' try t' figger who you owe money to. It's th' butcher they're after. Two o' th' riders has gone into th' house on th' corner. There they come out draggin' th' heenyus profiteer between them. Toot, toot. They're out in the open country once more. Rip open th' tar barrel. Sprinkle a few more feathers over this bare place. Throw what's left o' him on th' front porch. What do y' say? That wasn't th' butcher at all? He lives next door? Oh, well, he'll hear about it anyhow. 'Twill be just as good a lesson as if we'd done it to him."

"They tell me th' club started originally as a kind of negro uplift organization. They kep' on upliftin' 'em till they run out o' rope, when the interest sort o' died out fer a spell. They'll undertake to hate anybody on twenty-four hours notice. A good Klukker can see more dangers besettin' his country than a Democratic Senator. If he lives in Calaforny, it's th' Japs what's plannin' t' march on Washinton. Toot, toot. Little Itchy Shimmy comes home at day light lookin' like some new kind o' bird. Th' country's saved, but only fer a minute. Back in Dakota th' Bullshaviki is plottin' behind the barn. Somebody heard Abner Johnson say that next Saturday night he was goin' t' paint th' town red. He ain't been able to pick all th' feathers out o' hisse' vet."

"I'd like t' talk t' some chap what had been tarred an' feathered," observed Mr. Frisbee thoughtfully. "It don't sound so terrible uncomfortable t' me an' it might be the answer t' this clothin' question durin' th' coming winter."

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## LORD GYPSUM'S DIVORCE

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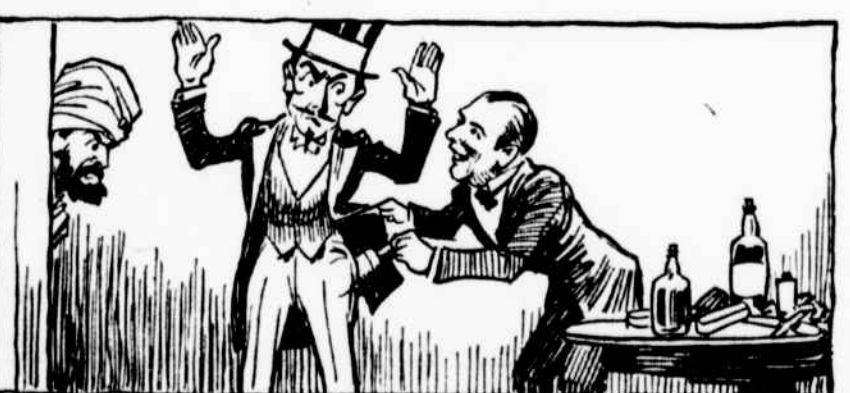
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## By GENE FOWLER

WILL Celluloid George, one of the smartest men who ever drew a sober breath, leave his guns at the door when he parks his dogs of peace under the disarmament conference table? Echo answers "Cuckoo!"



The delegates will be frisked.

Supposing each delegate is hipped with a flask of his own national beverage? In that event, prohibition will win. No drink can stagger against our domestic bootleg and escape.

It is announced in the public misprints that a judge decides delegates

with extra tires on their backs will be barred. The delegates, such as Achmed Murad of Turkey and Senor Rickey of Italy, will have to leave their respective hash-each and cocaine-lined spaghetti in the dressing room. While we want peace, there must be no hitting of the pipe of peace.

The average citizen knows what disarmament means in the abstract, but not in the concrete, and positively not in the asphalt. Total disarmament would sound the death knell of pastry cooking. What wife would permit of the removal of the rolling pin from the Hoozis Kitchen Cabinet? Again Echo is called on to speak, but is tongue-tied?

A newspaper that printed a gallery of the delegates from the Alpine and Swiss these districts received the following word of praise from its subscriber:

"Your comic section is improving."

It is rumored that Lord Gypsum will accompany Celluloid George to the arena where the boys will fight over peaceable topics. Lord Gypsum, it will be recalled, was the war governor of Pokio. The latter is a province in southwestern Razz. The British took Razz in 1862. They have had the Razz in one way and another ever since.

When Lord Gypsum and the first Lady Gypsum, who was the daughter of Archibald Knob, the paper plate king of Chicago, were in Pokio, there was some slight scandal concerning his lordship. The reason the scandal was slight was that Lord Gypsum's morals were in the same slender condition. As to Lord Gypsum's fondness for stronger than the mineral waters we will pass it over. We have to, as jealousy prevents discussion in that disrespect.

Needless to say, he was always foggy. That is why we will not say it, even though we have said it and will stick to it. Lady Gypsum herself, when she was herself, didn't show any signs of rheumatism or housemaid's elbow when juggling decanters.

Again, as to the divorce of Lord and Lady Gypsum, we will say nothing. Not only will we say nothing, but we will print nothing. If we did it wouldn't pass the censor. This leaves a broad inference. The broader the better, for it needs the air.

The second Lady Gypsum, who followed the first with a regularity and despatch that is common to recurrent attacks of tropical fever, was a trifle more satisfactory to his lordship than his first wife. In fact she couldn't stand so much heavy sipping and consequently was cheaper to maintain. Lord Gypsum, whose epigrams have made him widely unknown in the House of Lords, once said of his second wife: "If I hadn't been married before she would have been my first wife."

Such wit as this will go a great way at the disarmament table toward settling long-drawn arguments. It will precipitate a fight that will be sudden, decisive and short.

Any war governor is bound to be invaluable as a squawker on disarmament. During Lord Gypsum's fighting, or drinking, days—both being synonymous in Pokio—he never won a battle. Once, when he crowned his butler with an empty cognac bottle, he came near to gaining a decision, but the bottle broke and hurt his lordship so severely in the palm that he was unable to collect taxes for his pri-

vate use for a jolly fortnight or two. The breaking of the bottle was a great tribute to the head of the butler. Lord Gypsum's defense was that the bottle was empty but he was full.

We aim to point out that at the arms parley there must be no



A great tribute to the butler.

repetitions of any scene where breaking of bottles figures or disfigures. Not that bottles are good for anything any more, but we must have respect for the dead. For that very reason we refrain from commenting on Lord Gypsum's brains.

## SAUCE FOR THE GANDERS

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## By CAROLYN VANCE

CULINARY ART is destined to be as powerful in the politics of the future as Black Art was in the days of gnomes, witches and fairies.

Women upon their entrance into public life brought with them all of the blandishments they have wielded since the days of Eve. Even Eve knew that the way to a man's heart was through his stomach, and she handed him an apple. Maybe it was a succulent baked apple. Who knows? Or perhaps she offered it to him in the guise of a Brown Betty, whose dusky spicy sweetness intrigued Adam to such an extent that he forgot all scruples. Considering the consequences of the act and reviewing it from the standpoint of the Volstead act, it looks like it may have been apple jack, home brewed in the Garden of Eden, that caused so darn much trouble.

Anyway, Eve handed down to her daughters the axiom that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. And her ultra-modern daughters have construed it to

mean that the route to a man's vote is also via his stomach.

For example, the National Woman's Foundation, an organization of women looking to the advancement of their sex politically, have installed as an important feature of their propaganda a tea-room and restaurant at their headquarters, the Dean estate, in the heart of the Capital. Under the spreading branches of the Treaty Oak, one of the giant trees of this ten-acre woodland, they have set many little tables, where dinner was served every evening all through last summer. It was as attractive as the setting for a Midsummer Night's Dream. Many important officials of the Government were seen dining there, and a group of Congressional widowers made a habit of visiting this attractive place every evening. Senator Tom Watson of Georgia and Senator Walsh of Montana were conspicuous among the frequent guests.

As a result of this campaign

the ladies of the National Woman's Foundation have got nearly all of the Senators actively interested in their organization, and many of them are devoting time and attention to its activities. One of the things which they did for the foundation recently was to give the foundation the names of prominent women in their States who would very likely work for the advancement of the foundation idea. These women were enlisted in the cause and, scattered as they are, all over the broad land, they are a mighty influence in furthering the aims of the foundation, i. e., to secure the \$4,000,000 for a magnificent center in Washington for all of woman's political and other activities of like nature.

The ladies of the foundation sit up on the brow of the Dean estate and extend an invitation to all to join them in gustatory exercises. To the political observer the invitation sounds very much like the "Come into my parlor"

invitation that was extended by the spider to the fly. They will stuff you with good food at moderate prices if you will but sit



His stomach decides the ballot.

and listen to their propaganda. The militant or left wing of the woman movement, the National Woman's Party, is planning to

install a "coffee house" in their headquarters across the plaza from the Capitol. They are but reviving an eighteenth century

cuss their favorite doctrines. The former jailbirds (they are proud of this cognomen) promise to make coffee so good that the aroma floating blithely across the park intervening between their headquarters and the Capitol will pierce the ponderous legislative halls. Still moving blithely and ever delightfully, these coffee aromas emanating from the headquarters of the militants will audaciously travel up the noses of the solons.

If the plans of the militants do not gang a-gley the Congressmen will be rendered unable to resist and will follow their own noses to the militants' headquarters, there to be delivered helpless into the hands of these feminists. In other words, they plan to make coffee whose aroma will be equally as effective as the poison gas.

"Coffee makes the politician wise," said the poet Pope. The women will see to it that they are wised up all right, with

much stress laid upon their own pet bills and constitutional amendments. They will call upon these men to strike the shackles from women. It may be that some benighted Congressmen will think that the bondages were removed by the enactment of the Nineteenth Amendment. That there are still legal discriminations against women remaining in the statutes of the various States will be pointed out to them.

There may be some Congressmen who will hesitate to sample the cooking of the militants. They need have no fear for their digestions, as the militants are fully aware that it would be a form of the worst strategy possible to serve meals that would tend to make grouchy dyspeptics out of any of the Congressmen. They plan to make the meals so palatable that they will have national legislators constantly sniffing about their headquarters.

Sectional appetites will also be catered to. For example, the men

from the extreme South, in the region of Louisiana, will be served chicken gumbo and boiled rice. The New England Congressmen will be enabled to have pie served for breakfast, if they so desire. Effete New Yorkers may obtain foods camouflaged under any French name they please. Sturdy solons from the Middle West may obtain their rare beefsteak, and South Carolinians their corn pone, and Virginians their Smithfield ham.

In any school which undertakes to teach "How to Be a Stateswoman" the culinary art will be an important part of the curriculum. The texture of the biscuit will be studied minutely, since it has now been established scientifically its importance in obtaining subtle political effects.

The woman who can make an important public man smack his lips and mutter that "it's just like mother used to make" may well feel that her political future is made.